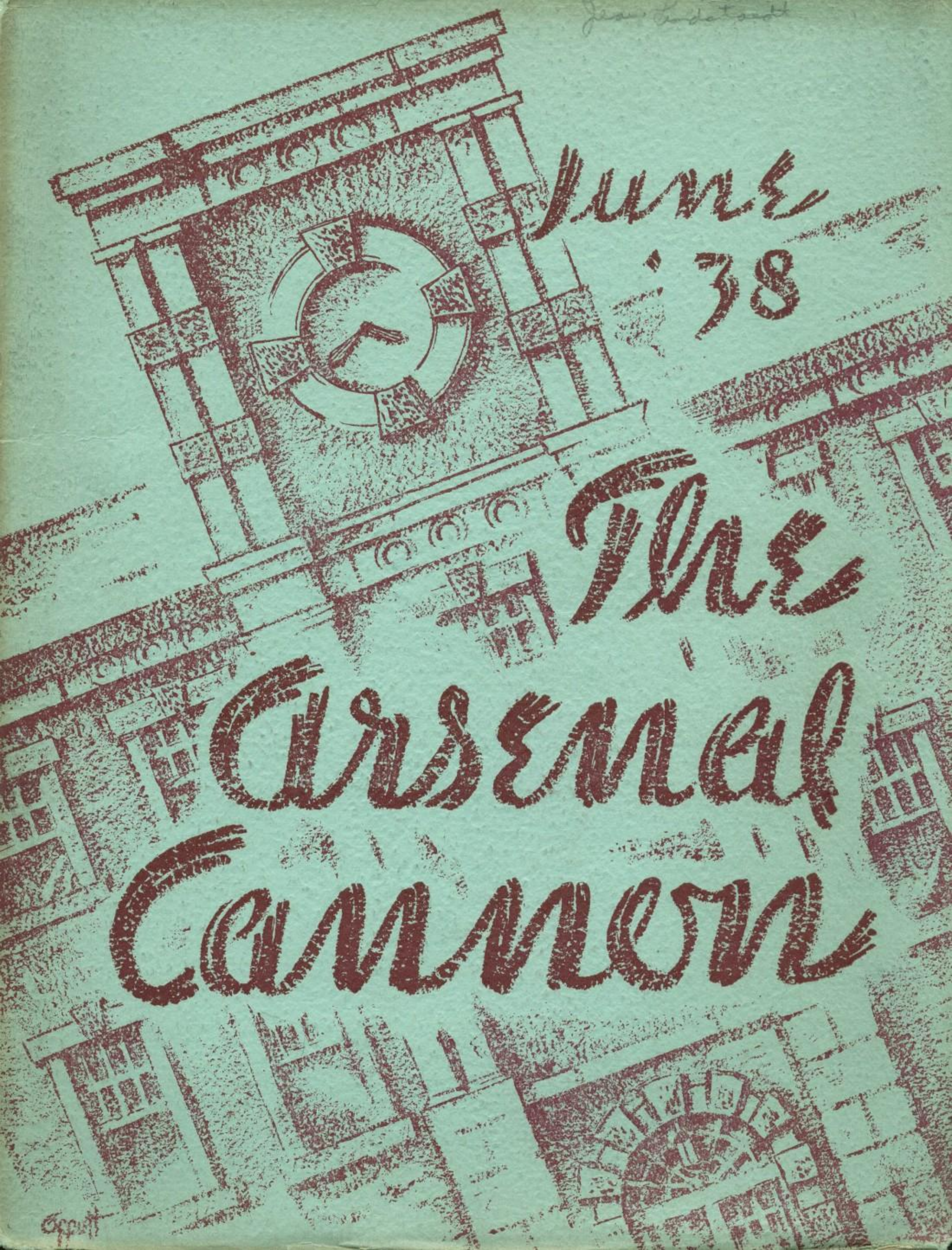
June '38
The Arsenal Cannon

INDIANAPOLIS
INDIANA

"Margie" Small

THE ARSENAL CANNON

NO. 16

VOL. 51

JUNE
1938

THE ARSENAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

"The strongest is never strong enough to be always the master, unless he transforms strength into right and obedience into duty."

H. Henderson

To Mr. Anderson

FROM the beginning of the Arsenal Technical Schools, through the first cycle of twenty-five years, as executive, teacher, and friend, you have been a vital part of the school, enriching the lives of those around you by your friendship, your encouragement, and your inspiration.

Both as teacher and vice-principal, you have always made us feel the power of your leadership. Now that you have been chosen principal, to lead this school into its next cycle, we, the members of this great student body, are happy to continue under your leadership, knowing that we are being led by the true Tech spirit which you have always exemplified.

Therefore, fitting it is, Mr. Anderson, that to you, our friend and principal, we dedicate this June magazine of 1938.

FOREWORD

By Hanson A. Anderson

TWENTY-FIVE years ago it was a privilege and honor for a handful of pupils and teachers to launch the career of a great high school. Scarcely can we believe that a quarter of a century has passed so quickly. Progress was slow the first few years; but with permanency of the school once established, each year brought forth rapid strides in both the organization and physical growth. Now we find ourselves in possession of the responsibility and obligation of starting the second cycle of twenty-five years with just as much certainty and impetus as have those who rose to the occasion in its early history.

The present personnel is heir to a campus and tradition second to none in the country; a course of study so comprehensive in its scope that scarcely any boy or girl could ask for more; a school that has already served some forty thousand young people; a school with a reputation known and respected far and wide. Truly, such a heritage cannot be considered lightly.

Without thinking seriously one might conclude there is nothing more to be done; that it is merely our task to carry on. Of course no one can predict conditions twenty-five years hence, but in my judgment the next twenty-five years will witness just as great a development. Step by step we shall watch the physical changes. Already new and permanent bleachers are being constructed on the athletic field, a new Stuart Memorial Hall is being prepared architecturally, and we hope the first unit will be ready for occupancy within two years to replace the many wooden structures now found on our grounds. Eventually in this hall there will be an auditorium seating approximately thirty-five hundred pupils. The second unit will cause the removal of the Annex, Electric Shop, and possibly Artillery Building. If the industrial arts and vocational departments continue to grow, a new unit to the shop building will be added. And so it is quite evident that the physical aspect is to undergo such radical changes that the present obsolete and unfit buildings will be replaced by appropriate modern structures.

The curriculum, too, must necessarily keep pace with the trend of the times. Portions of our present curriculum which now serve the needs of community life will in all probability give way to types of training to meet changes in progressive educational ideas. It is not unlikely that in a few years more technical work will be offered on a higher level to meet the demands made on young people by commerce and industry.

With even these few reflections of the past and predictions for the future our burden seems no lighter than the load carried by our predecessors. But we will rise to the occasion with [*Continued on page* 23]

A Spring Symphony

Sunlight and Shadows

Inspiration Walk

Actin

A Few Shots by

1. Life Begins at 8:15 2. "Make-up and Live" 3. A "Park" Project 4. Inspection 5. Senior Swing Session 6. The Time 7. The Place 8. The Girl 9. Old Glory 10. "Stand Up and Cheer" 11. White Hussars 12. Out to Lunch 13. "Mary, Queen of Scots" 14. Senior Play Practice 15. "Dipsy Doodle" 16. Swing High

rities

Candid Shooters

17. Lunch Hour Loafers 18. Cash and Carry 19. Bull Session 20. "Over There" 21. Old Ironsides 22. The New Bleachers 23. Impromptu 24. "'Tain't Funny" 25. "So, I said—" 26. The Champs 27. Foo 28. From Hamlet 29. High-Point Cannon Salesman 30. "Class Is Dismissed" 31. Lights Out

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INTROSPECTION

This magazine marks the close of the first year of the Arsenal Technical Schools under the leadership of our new principal, Mr. Hanson H. Anderson. When Mr. DeWitt S. Morgan was named superintendent of schools in the summer of 1937, it did not seem strange to Tech that Mr. Anderson should be the man chosen to direct the affairs of this nationally known institution. He is truly an integral part of the school for he has worked with its faculty and pupils throughout the span of its first twenty-five years. Thus are we dedicating this book to him and to that spirit of fine cooperation so fully evidenced in his work.

Twenty-six years ago, in September, 1912, Mr. Milo H. Stuart and eight teachers, among whom was Mr. Anderson, began the work of building the Arsenal Technical Schools. Only by reviewing the record of a quarter of a century of accomplishment can we begin to understand the superhuman task that those pioneers inaugurated. Records show the amazing growth from just 183 pupils in that first semester to the present enrollment of over seven thousand; from those original eight teachers to the present 276.

Tech is justly proud of its three great leaders—Mr. Stuart, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Anderson; of the great number of teachers who have contributed to the development of the school; and of the thousands of students who have passed through its portals.

Underlying the record of achievement by faculty and students, we can sense a current of emotion that

(Continued on page 23)

WE THANK YOU

For their excellent assistance and cooperation, we, the magazine editors, wish to thank Miss Frieda Lillis for her supervision of the layout, and Robert Noffke, who was in charge, John Bernhardt, Elsie Jean Bills, Richard Gwyn, Jack Mather, Frederic Randall, William A. Thomas, the layout assistants; and Mrs. Roberta Stewart for supervising the art work of the magazine and her pupils: Harry Offutt—cover design; John Bernhardt—hand lettering; Francis Donahue—page eleven; William Henke and Ralph Hilt—page fifty-five; Jack Mather—page ten; and Robert Murphy—title page.

We thank Mr. Herbert Traub for photographs; Mr. Floyd Billington and Advanced Shop Practice II boys for printing the cover; Mr. Elliott French and Printing III boys for the senior names; Mr. Glenn Hankins, Mary Askren, Barbara Jean Cotton, Lorena Phemister, and George Richter, for mounting the senior pictures.

(Continued on page 23)

ALICE NUCKLES
Scrapbook Recorder

WINIFRED FARRINGTON
Exchange Editor

GIRLS' ADVANCED GLEE CLUB

GIRLS' SEXTET

BRASS CHOIR

MADRIGAL SINGERS

GIRLS' BAND

Little Shots of

BIG SHOTS

Francis Donahue

FRED R. GORMAN

R. V. COPPLE

ATHLETIC DIRECTORS

Following the appointment of Mr. Hanson H. Anderson to the principalship of Arsenal Technical Schools, when he succeeded Mr. DeWitt S. Morgan who was made superintendent of schools, Mr. Fred R. Gorman, for many years director of athletics, was named vice-principal; and Mr. R. V. Copple, a teacher in the Mathematics department, was appointed director of athletics.

Mr. Gorman has been connected with athletics at Tech since 1918. He was made head of the department in 1926. He is a former president of the Indiana High School Athletic Association, and is now serving as a member of its council. Besides assisting in the management of the State Basketball Tournament for a great many years, he was responsible, with Mr. C. C. Trueblood, for the idea and construction of Tech's athletic field.

Mr. R. V. Copple has served as a teacher in the Mathematics department since 1920. Connected with athletics since he came to Tech, he has acted as coach of the freshman basketball teams from 1920 to 1930, a member of the athletic awards committee for several years, and clerk of course at all Tech track meets.

athl

TENNIS

As the CANNON went to press, Tech's tennis squad had started the 1938 campaign with two victories and one loss. The first victory came at the expense of Shelbyville, 5 to 2, April twenty-sixth, at the Tech courts. Raymond Thomas, veteran Shelbyville netman, scored a point for the Bears whose number two doubles combination gained their second point.

Marion's reputedly strong team fell victim to Tech's contingent, 7 to 0, at the Marion courts, May third. The Green and White encountered difficulty only in the number two doubles, after a hard-fought three-set fight coming out on top.

Shortridge's squad defeated Tech, 4 to 2, at the Tech courts for the Techsters' first loss of the season, May tenth. The second doubles encounter was halted by rain.

Returning men from the 1937 squad were Raymond Von Spreckelsen, Robert Monger, William Moore, Jr., and Joseph Kettery.

Other members, who composed the 1938 team, coached by Mr. Robert L. Ball, were Robert Bosart, Wooden Wieland, and Robert Parrett. With the exception of Bosart, all members will be available for the next year.

GOLF

Six wins had been chalked up by Coach Bayne D. Freeman's Tech club wielders as the CANNON went to press. Announcement of the state meet to be played at the Speedway course on May twenty-first was also received, Tech having drawn an early morning pairing.

Approximately twenty aspirants turned out to report on April thirteenth and a qualifying match was held the following Saturday at Pleasant Run links. Art Wettle and Elmer Morse tied for low scoring honors with cards of 82, while seven others finished under 90.

The Green squad dropped Shortridge's state champ team by a count of 17 to 7 at the Speedway course on April twenty-fifth for its first win, taking six of the eight matches. At Richmond on April thirtieth, the Techmen again won, downing the host team, 8½ to 7½, as Wettle led the winners with a 79.

Washington fell victim to Coach Freeman's group by a 9-to-3 count on May sixth. The Green foursome again downed Richmond, 6½ to 5½, at Speedway

(Continued on page 23)

etics

Jim Evans

Front Row, left to right: Marvin Hook, William Carroll, Charles Smith, Robert Engelking, Erwin Kramer, and James Evans.
Back Row: Athletic Director R. V. Copple, Varsity Coach Bayne D. Freeman, William McDonald, Lowell Christian, John Hickey, Ray Holland, and Assistant Coach Ray R. Scott.

BASKETBALL

Coach Bayne D. Freeman's basketball team started fast, slipped into a mid-season lethargy, and then closed with a rush to compile a season's record of ten games won and eleven lost, scoring 572 points to its oppositions' 564.

The Techmen's most notable early-season victories were over Frankfort and Shortridge in successive tilts, but the Green dropped five out of the next six games played. The Big Green snapped out of it against Connersville, downing the Spartans, 22 to 17. A powerful Marion five beat the East side five, 19 to 16.

Tech then roared through five of its next six opponents in decisive fashion until it met a fine Shortridge team in the final game of the Indianapolis sectional, when a brilliant last-quarter Blue Devil rally eliminated the Green from IHSAA's state basketball tourney.

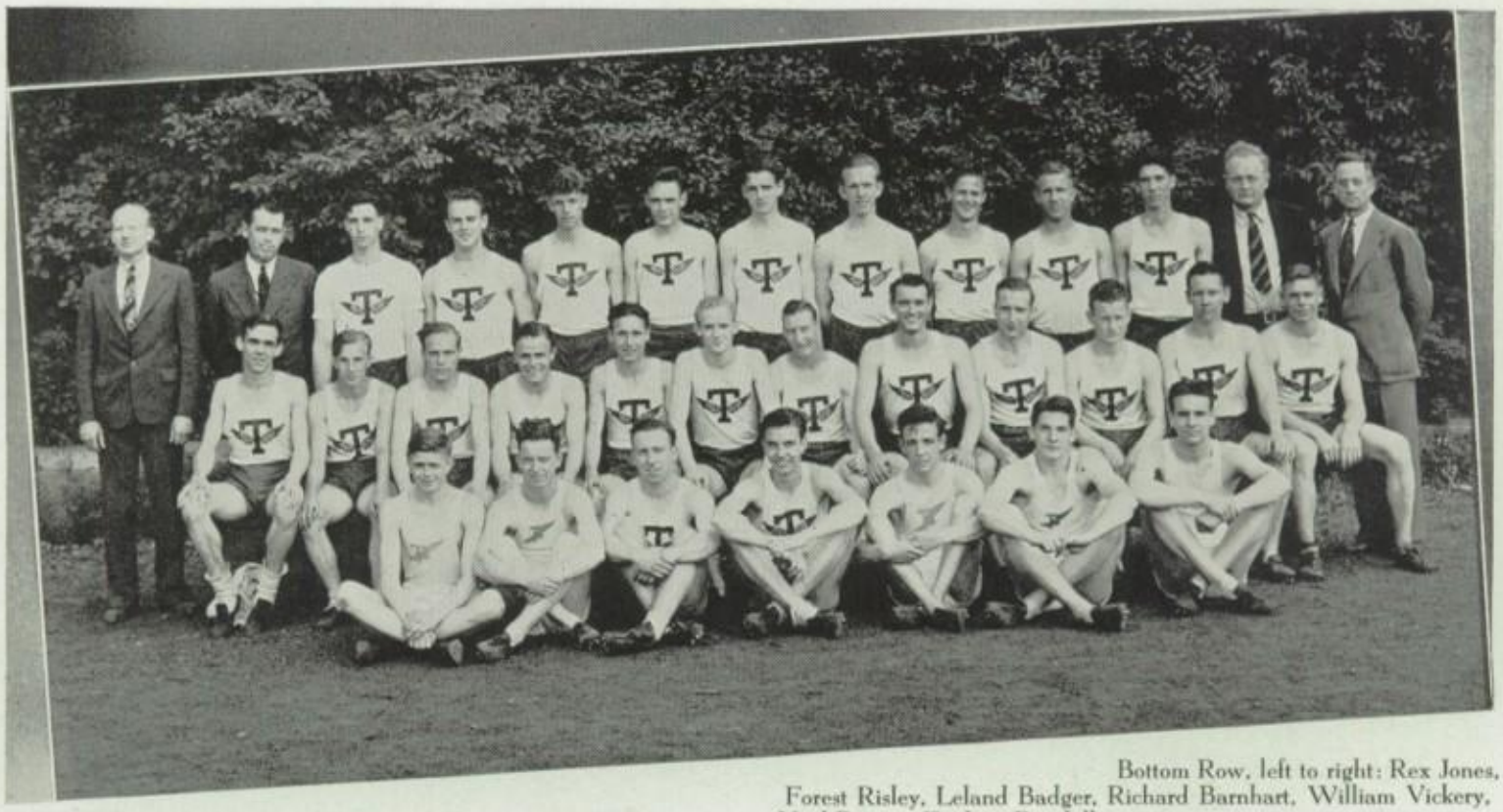
A complete season's record of the 1937-38 Technical basketball squad follows: Kokomo 31, Tech 26; Tech 22, Newcastle 18; Cathedral 25, Tech 17; Columbus 49, Tech 40; Tech 27, Frankfort 25; Tech 26, Shortridge 24; Richmond 28, Tech 22; Logansport 25, Tech 23; Tech 23, Rushville 20; Shortridge 30, Tech 23 (city tournament); Jefferson 43, Tech 32; Muncie 31, Tech 21; Tech 22, Connersville 17; Marion 19, Tech 16; Tech 42, Shelbyville 31; Tech 37, Anderson 30; Franklin 22, Tech 20. Sectional games were as follows: Tech 39, Franklin Township 14; Tech 29, Manual 27; Tech 25, Washington 23; and Shortridge 32, Tech 29.

Coach Ray Scott's reserve basketball squad finished even in the sixteen games it played, winning eight and losing eight. The team lost its first five games before beating Shortridge on December thirtieth and winning seven of the remaining ten games.

Members of the team were Thomas Berry, Jack Bradford, Frank Buddenbaum, Robert Burns, Richard Evans, Everett Hayes, Charles Howard, Robert Jordan, Jack Kramer, Robert Prater, James Tolin, and Raymond Von Spreckelsen.

The Green team ended far behind in losing its first game to Kokomo by a 33-to-5 count. Three of the next four losses were by narrow margins as Newcastle won, 14 to 12; Cathedral eked out a 19-to-18 win; Columbus finished at the heat of a 21-to-15 count; and Frankfort succeeded by a score of 21 to 19.

The victories were over Shortridge, 15 to 12; Richmond, 24 to 19; Rushville, 30 to 19; Jefferson, 24 to 13; Connersville, 24 to 23; Shelbyville, 15 to 14;



Bottom Row, left to right: Rex Jones, Forest Risley, Leland Badger, Richard Barnhart, William Vickery, Neal Benson, Frederic Randall.

Second Row: Leroy Best, Kelso Cook, Raymond Lunsford, Tommy Wilson, Robert Delrymple, Elias Poulos, George Shaffer, Vernon Martin, Ed Reed, Wallace Potter, Robert Pullen, William McGill.

Top Row: Field Coach Reuben D. Behlmer, Track Coach Paul E. Myers, James McCormick, N. Joe Crawford, Robert Pauls, Cecil Kays, Ralph Monroe, John Devine, Robert Engelking, Charles Howard, Robert Avery, Freshman Coach Ross Lyons, Athletic Director R. V. Copple.

BASKETBALL (continued)

Anderson, 15 to 12; and Franklin, 34 to 9. Losses were to Manual (city tournament), 22 to 21; Muncie, 15 to 11; and Marion, 25 to 19.

Amassing 254 points to their opponents' 167, the Technical frosh hardwooders, coached by Mr. Wayne E. Rhodes, turned in a season's schedule of eight games on the winning side of the ledger to four losses.

The freshmen successfully opened their basketball campaign for the 1937-38 season, conquering the Broad Ripple Rockets, 26 to 14. The rhinies fell, however, in their next game to the Shortridge frosh with a score of 15 to 4.

Three successful conflicts then followed with the Green dropping Manual, 24 to 4; defeating Washington, 18 to 11; and eking out an overtime game from the Southport team, 19 to 17.

Cathedral's fresh Fightin' Irish handed the Techmen a 13-to-12 defeat, followed by another victory for the Green and White, who walked away with a game from Broad Ripple, 19 to 9. The Shortridge frosh handed the Green another defeat, 22 to 18. The Warren Warriors were whipped by the Green, 37 to 9, followed by the winning of a game from the Manual Redskins, 22 to 11. The Cathedral frosh trounced the Green, 23 to 24, the remaining game of the season being won by the Techmen by a 32-to-18 score.

TRACK

Conquering in all competition before the CANNON went to press, the Technical tracksters, coached by Mr. Paul E. Myers, had "started off on the right foot."

The Green and White cindermen subdued the Warren Central thinlies in their first meet, at the Warriors' oval, 96 2/3 to 20 1/3. In the next dual meet the Kokomo Kats fell before the Green runners at the Butler oval, 74 4/5 to 42 1/5. Later, Wiley of Terre Haute, who played host to the Technical trackmen, lost the dual meet to Tech, 79 2/3 to 37 1/3.

Entering the Muncie Relays, the Green contingent returned victorious from the out-of-town meet, defeating its nearest opponent, Froebel of Gary, 24 to 20½.

The city track and field carnival, held at the Butler oval, saw Technical walk away with the coveted cup by totaling 74 1/3 points. Title-holder of the North Central Conference crown again was decided at Kokomo when the Tech team rolled to victory for the second time in as many years by gathering 69 33/40 points to down its nearest competitor, Kokomo, with 59 markers.

Thirteen Tech athletes qualified for the Annual IHSAA track meet by sweeping the annual sectional meet at Butler oval by totaling 61 5/6 points to 38 1/3 for their nearest rival, the Shortridge Blue Devils.

The Technical freshman track team made a perfect record this semester by winning all dual meets, as well as the city frosh contest.

In the first meet, Tech scored 74 points to 43 for

(Continued on page 23)

Bottom Row, left to right: Vincent Shanahan, Herbert Swinney, Houston Meyer, Pete Iaria, Calvin Burnham, Tom Wilson.

Second Row: Charles Shipman, Robert Smolka, Sam Johnson, Ray Holland, Marvin Hook, Lowell Christian, Charles Hackney, Gene Baker, Norman Linne, Leroy Silcox, Robert Werner, James Weaver.

Top Row: Athletic Director R. V. Copple, Jack Bradford, Dave Moriarity, Raymond Lee, Morris Mikkelsen, George Newhart, Charles McGregor, John Olson, Assistant Coach Wayne E. Rhodes and Head Coach Charles P. Dagwell.

BASEBALL

Despite the fact that practically the entire team was made up of inexperienced men, the baseball nine, under Coach Charles P. Dagwell, had not met defeat when the CANNON went to press. The youngsters showed plenty of hustle in subduing their first seven opponents, twice winning out in late-inning rallies.

The Big Green opened with a victory over the State School for the Deaf, 9 to 3, Charles Shipman going five innings and receiving credit for the win. Big Sam Johnson went the full route against Ben Davis, doling out only a pair of bingles in winning, 9 to 1. The Techmen went to their biggest batting spree of the season in overcoming Plainfield, 14 to 1, behind James Weaver's 3-hit flinging. The locals staged a garrison finish to edge out Decatur Central, 6 to 5; and journeyed to foreign soil to trip Southport, 6 to 5; and Shelbyville, 9 to 1. Johnson whiffed 16 batters in racking up his second victory of the season as the Green and White downed Jefferson of Lafayette, 7 to 3.

Receiver Norman Linne had established some kind of an "iron man" record by catching every inning for the Techmen without relief.

The remaining games on the Tech schedule were as follows: Shelbyville, Broad Ripple, Richmond, Plainfield, Richmond, and the School for the Deaf.

GIRLS' EVENTS

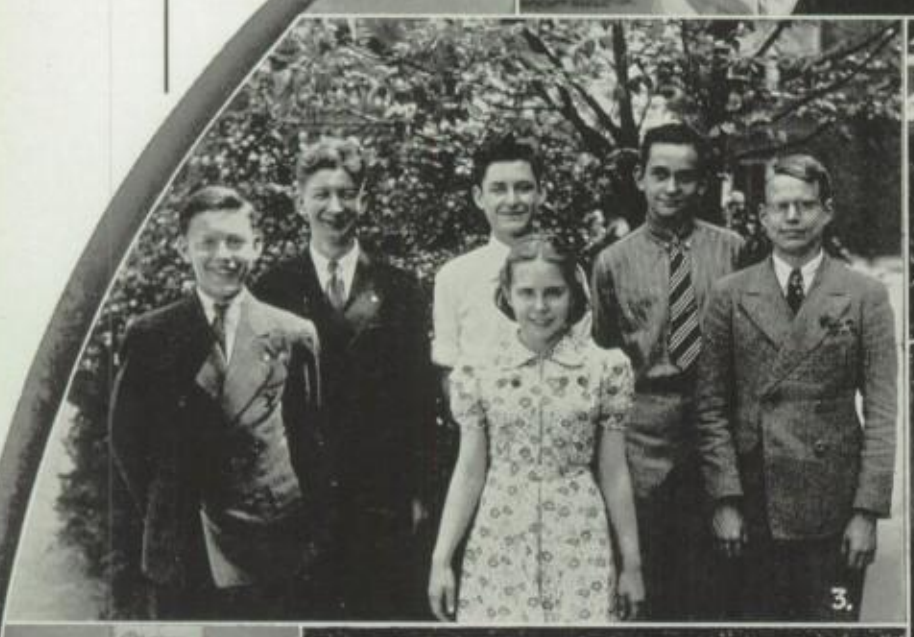
Girls' Play Day, an annual event, was held on the girls' play field, May sixteenth. The girls participated in many events, among which were basketball throws—forward, backward, and one-arm; broad and high jumping; a baseball game; archery; and hop-step-jump. The first, second, and third winners received blue, red, and white ribbons, respectively.

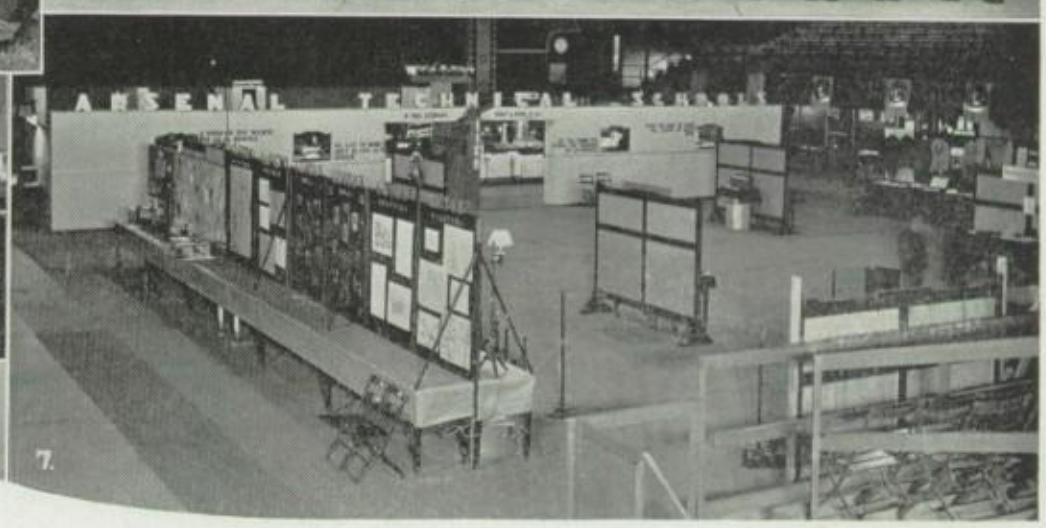
On Supreme Day, the advanced classes in the Physical Education department gave a Maypole dance in the quadrangle of the campus. Other classes in the department gave several dances during the afternoon, one of which was the Grecian dance given by members of Miss Stella Draper's classes.

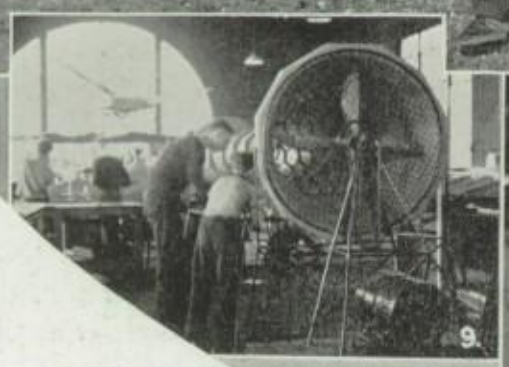
The girls who had been working for an athletic award during the semester received their pins on Honor Day. For a first award, a bronze pin, three hundred points were required; for a silver pin, the second award, seven hundred points; and for a gold pin, the third award, one thousand points.

During the semester, a number of tournaments were played in the gym, the girls participating receiving forty to one hundred points toward their awards.

In the fall semester, 1937, the annual fall volley ball tournament was played; another was played in the spring semester, 1938. During the winter, a basketball tournament was played the tenth period two days a week; this spring, during the baseball season, a series of baseball games were played.







1. Publicity Writing Staff
2. Make-up Master
3. Mathematics Contestants
4. Ynomrah Club Members
5. Self Portrait by Harry Offutt
6. Make-up Staff Party
7. Industrial Convention Exhibit
8. Sketchbook Advertising
9. Ground Mechanics Students

10. Dressmaking Exhibit
11. Three-Cent Special
12. Advertising Exhibit
13. Refrigeration and Air Conditioning Club
14. Millinery Exhibit
15. Stratford Club Knighting Principal Anderson
16. Concert Band Harpist
17. The Tech Choir
18. A Student Studying

10.

11.

18.

13.

14.

15.

16.

12.

17.

I THE HIGH HURDLER — — Marvin Lagenaur

II THE POLE VAULTER — — Marvin Lagenaur

SHUTTER SHOTS

III REPORT CARD DAY — — Robert McConnell

V WIDE OPEN FACES — — Robert McConnell

IV THE BIG APPLE — — Donald Stoner

Scryptic Sketches

CHANG

TSO LIN CHANG, sitting cross-legged on the floor in the corner of the living room, curiously watched his mother's nervous movements. He smiled as she anxiously peered through a cracked window. A low rumbling noise echoed in the distance, and he saw her tremble in fear.

"Mechein, honorable father come yet?"

Mrs. Tso Lin Fu-Yun Chang glanced hastily at her child.

"No, my little one," she answered briefly, "but he will soon." Then, as an afterthought, she crossed over to him and clutched his tiny body close to her own. Chang eagerly placed his two arms around her neck and rubbed his nose against her cheek. An insistent knock startled the frightened mother. Cautiously she pressed her tense figure against the wall as an ominous stillness stiffened her heart. A hesitant shadow flitted by the shutter. Fu-Yun gasped in relief, "Tuan!" The door opened and a poorly-clad, mud-spattered soldier stood on the threshold.

"Tuan! At last you are home!"

Chang tugged at his father's sleeve as his parents silently embraced.

"Only for a short while, my faithful one." Tuan's voice broke the momentary silence. "I must leave again tonight. The northern part of Shanghai has already been attacked. You must prepare to go with Chang tomorrow for safer territory."

The young mother's face contracted in pain.

"Oh, no! No! Why must this continue? Every day more people are killed. Wong, Ling-Tai, Lai-Li! All dead! Now you must fight. Tomorrow we leave our home. Will it never stop?"

"My dear one, this is war," he replied. "Our own desires must be placed aside for the present. And now, prepare a bit of nourishment for me."

"Of course. Immediately." Fu-Yun moved quickly from the room as the delighted Chang climbed upon his father's knee. During the next ten minutes there ensued a battle royal between father and son with the son victorious. More than once he twisted his father's ears and pulled his nose. Not being satisfied, he attempted to jerk as many buttons as he could from Tuan's uniform.

"Here, here," admonished the conquered father, "my little one has wrought enough damage. Play with your toys until my hunger has been satisfied. Perhaps later we shall continue our fight."

Alone in the room, Chang dejectedly kicked at his toys. He glanced longingly toward the door. It was half open! Joyfully he bounded outside. The streets were deserted except for a few stragglers who were scurrying for shelter. Chang ventured down one of the alley-ways and soon lost himself. He didn't notice the bolted doors and drawn shades. Still farther he wandered youthfully happy in his new adventure. Finding a brightly colored sign covered with his native Chinese letters, he thrust it beneath his arm. Could he have read the words and grasped their meaning, his eyes doubtlessly would have stared in amazement. "Shoot to Kill"—three words, horrible words, words of war! The little chap strolled along aimlessly. Once he thought he saw a soldier carrying a big gun on his shoulder. Noticing a strip of wood in the gutter, Chang picked it up, lifted it across his own shoulder, and proudly marched down another alley.

Suddenly a screeching sound stirred the entire city. Enemy airplanes whizzed through the smoke-screened sky dropping huge bombs of death and destruction. The sickening smell of freshly-burning timber stagnated the air. A coolie stumbled blindly, clutching his shredded arm in terror. Beneath a pile of bricks, a thin voice moaned in agony. Mothers ran screaming from their homes, wildly grabbing their young ones. An old man stood petrified, staring at the remnants of his right hand. Crash! A shapeless, bloody body hurtled through a plate-glass window, and landed with a dull thud as crimson blood spattered and splashed in the mud. The mangled, charred figure of a soldier hung suspended from a live wire. Whining bullets zoomed through space, striking the earth in deafening blasts. Two large hands grasped the bewildered Chang around the waist and planted him firmly against a barricade of sand bags. Minutes dragged; still the bullets sped toward their victims in unerring marksmanship. The staccato notes of a machine-gun clipped the air viciously. Then the death-dealing sky-birds vanished, leaving behind a trail of turmoil and chaos.

Chang was too frightened to speak. He gazed at the man in the strange uniform kneeling before him.

"Well, what do you think you're doing out here in this mess?"

Chang shook his head. These foreign words puzzled him. This man didn't talk as did his honorable parents.

"If this isn't something!" the man continued. "Here you are in the thick of a light. Don't you know you could have been killed?"

This time Chang nodded his head affirmatively. He still didn't understand, but he didn't want the stranger to guess it.

"You should be home. Your folks must be worried—if they're alive. Where do you live?"

The small boy pulled at the buttons of the strange uniform.

"Poor little tyke can't understand."

Chang rubbed one button thoughtfully and suddenly realized that he wanted to see his father and mother. He stood up very straight and motioned for the soldier to follow him.

"Oh, I see. He wants me to take him home. All right, little fellow. I think I can do that."

The two comrades of war joined hands. Chang stumbled over various bits of debris but always the grip of his companion supported him. The soldier surveying the scenes before him became increasingly alarmed at the damage caused by the destroyers. Bodies were strewn about the streets, and the roofs of the buildings tottered precariously.

"You know," he muttered half to himself, "it's a shame when countries go to war to settle disagreements. Here one nation wants land and the other nation refuses to give it. So husbands are killed, wives are desolate, and children are left destitute. Sometimes I wonder if every . . ."

He never finished his sentence. Another stray bullet had found a target. Chang felt the sudden loosening of his friend's grasp. Sobbing aloud, the little boy pulled at the lifeless figure in the dirt, but he couldn't awaken the soldier. For the first time in his life Chang felt intensely afraid. He wanted his mother and his father. He ran blindly onward searching for his home. The still forms of bodies stretched out grotesquely on the ground interrupted his path. His stifled sobs grew fainter as he stumbled over heaps of crushed stone. Coming to a turn in the street he paused to jump over another obstacle. There on the ground lay his mother. Her white face was drawn in agony and her eyes were closed. A clot of blood on her temple marred the brilliant black of her hair. Chang fell against her form and called to her, "Mechein, Mechein! Wake up!"

Bewildered and frightened he searched the horizon for his home. Where was his father? Why was so much wood scattered all over the street? Again and again he called to his mother, but she did not answer. At last, hungry and cold, Chang wearily rested his head on the hard ground and placed his mother's hand within his own.

The next morning two Red Cross nurses discovered the little boy still clutching his mother's hand.

"How did he ever escape?" whispered one nurse.

"He must have been under special protection," her companion softly answered.

Then Chang awoke and brushed his fists in his eyes as he sat up.

"Is Mechein up yet?" he queried.

One of the nurses lifted him into her arms.

"Child, we are going to take you with us where it is safe."

Chang looked again at his mother. He wanted her.

"Mechein! Mechein!" he called. "Let me down. I want Mechein!"

Touching her companion lightly on the shoulder the other nurse suggested, "His mother."

"Oh yes," the first replied. "It's a pity. She's beyond human aid. We had better start back for the hospital."

"Mechein! Mechein!" The cries of Chang were pleading. Tears streamed down his cheeks.

"There, there, child. She will come later."

The two nurses started on their way, taking Chang with them.

"No, no!" he pleaded. "Let me down! I want my Mechein!"

With outstretched arms and tear-stained face, Chang cried to his mother lying on the cold hard ground. His voice grew fainter and fainter, but always he called, "Mechein! Mechein!"

MARGARET FARGO
English VIIIC

ON COUNTING SHEEP

AFTER having a fit of sleeplessness one night and trying vainly to lose myself in slumber, I happened to remember about imagining that I saw a flock of sheep jumping over a fence and counting them as they jumped.

I determined to try the experiment, and closing my eyes, I fancied the sheep jumping and began to count. I had reached the one hundred and fortieth and was beginning to doze off when my cousin, whom I was visiting, suddenly said, "Eileen!"

"Oh, what?"

"I believe I would rather go skating Saturday instead of Friday."

"Oh, yes, me too! Good-night."

Then I started my sheep over the fence again and began to count. I got up to one hundred and twenty and was feeling as though I would drop off any moment; but just as the one hundred and twenty-first was about to take the fence, one of the twins began to cry.

Finally my aunt succeeded in quieting him. I concluded to try it again. Turning on the imaginary mutton, I began.

Only fifty sheep had slid over the fence when Cousin Karmen, just returning from the movies, dropped in, of course not intending to awaken us but just to see if we had enough cover. After answering a rather cross, "Yes," I set my sheep in motion and began to count. This time I reached two hundred forty and would probably have gone to sleep before the three hundredth had jumped had not the dog next door decided he was lonely and expressed his feelings by a series of prolonged howls.

It seemed ridiculous to resume my sheep again, but I decided to give them one more chance. As they began again to jump, I began to count. After seeing seventy safely over, I was gliding into dreamland when a fire truck came screaming down the street.

I opened my eyes but quickly shut them again. Almost immediately I drifted off without the aid of the sheep. I dreamed all night I was being pursued by a flock. I awoke in the morning feeling not much the better and drew my own conclusions that sheep are splendid as chops but not as a sedative.

EILEEN A. PATTON
English VA

INTO THE LACY CLOUDS

WHAT strange sensations a person has when entering the huge, level field of an airport for his first airplane ride! I can still feel the lump in my throat, the tingle playing hide-and-go-seek up and down my spine, and the cold drops of perspiration along with goose pimples over my quivering body when the several men rolled the monstrous bird with its roaring, brute motor out on the flying field. But once in the air, the sweeping grandeur of the scenery dwarfed these small and unworthy feelings. Even the roar of the seven-hundred horse-power engine seemed thin and vain and out of place.

I can't help recalling that evening among the few stray wisps of the lacy clouds, streaking through the air at the neck-breaking speed of one hundred and five miles per hour. I could not believe that we were breezing along at that speed; for when I would look at the vast greenish landscape some six thousand feet below, this bird of non-movable wings seemed scarcely to be slouching by. The land looked dirty with small creatures loitering along white lanes, all leading to a circle in the center, while turquoise-domed buildings were scattered closely along these ways and low strata of smoke from below gyrated in exultant columns, enlarging their circumference as they rose. Steeples stuck their distinguished heads into the air, like ant domes. How small our beloved city seemed and our Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, too, from this clean, upper air!

As the pilot swung the small blue-bodied biplane around to the east, I noticed that the first dark shutter of night was rolling up from the horizon. As I looked, the top of the vividly red sun still peeped over the sky line. The heavens were ablaze! All the colors of the sun's spectrum had burst forth, showing the heavens with a last brilliant display of colors, and red predominated—the most tenacious of all colors and the color of life! The top rim of the flaming red sun was a forge. And where the red glow faded into a blue sky, there was a faint tint of sulphurous yellow, like the smoke that hangs over a fire being banked with damp coal. The linings of the lacy clouds glowed in red. The sulphurous yellow blending with the vivid red tried one last desperate stand against the overwhelming conquerors—the long shadows of night. One by one the shadows overlapped each other and began fading into an inky black curtain that crept across the heavens until all was shadow, and man-made lights exaggerated the darkness.

On our way back to the airport, lights were flickering down below, while others were appearing and disappearing rapidly as automobiles—like furious little bugs with gleaming eyes and feelers of light—gathered speed to charge at one another! They seemed to collide . . . to telescope . . . and then slow down . . . until the next opponent appeared.

Back over the tail of the plane I watched the soft phosphorescence that was the reflection from Indianapolis fade into shadow as we slid over the splash of light that illuminated the runway of the airport. With a bump, bump, bump and a few jars I knew my first flight in a plane was ended.

As the tall, stalwart, and rosy-complexioned pilot lent me a helping hand as I twisted and squirmed out of the small anterior cockpit, I realized that he was a man of wholesome personality. I knew that he was really an intimate friend to the multitude of thrill-seekers, cherishing deep within him a chivalrous love for all, especially young boys. I remember distinctly his saying, "How did you enjoy the ride?" But I don't remember whether I answered him or not. For this was surely one of those times I was dreaming off to that strange upper level.

Just yesterday aviation to me was a kaleidoscope of roaring brute motors and delicate, fine instruments; of the blatant swish of a ship taking off; of the muffled drone of transports high above my home; of sensational speed dashes; of gruelling endurance flights; of screaming headlines; of amazing successes; and of crashes. But today, I see beyond the instruments, the wings, the motor, and the wind as the plane streaks along solitarily in such splendor of surroundings and outflies the man-made worries of the ground below.

MICHAEL FLOYD McGRATH
English VIIC

BLAZING BARNS

WE HAD PULLED our chairs up close to the giant fireplace and cosily settled ourselves, waiting for Grandmother to begin. We knew her story would be a good one and as she settled back in her rocking chair, there was an air of suspense and eagerness in the atmosphere. It seemed as though she would never begin. Janet, the youngest of us, began to squirm and wriggle. Grandmother must have sensed Janet's impatience, for she began.

"It was a cool, crisp October night. My mother had put Paul and me to bed, but I heard her bustling around the kitchen making ready for the morrow.

"I was but seven years old and Paul but three. My papa (you never knew him for he died soon after the incident) was sick in bed with pneumonia. Paul and I had been unusually irritating that day, and my mother was cross and worried about papa's illness. We had played hard, Paul and I, and were fatigued, and soon dropped off to sleep.

"It seemed no time at all when I awoke. Right away I sensed a queer, tingling sensation. Something was wrong! The air was filled with a queer, acrid odor; the room was amazingly light, not with the light of morning but grotesquely light. I ran, gasping, to the window to see what was the matter. The wind was not in our favor; smoke poured in when I opened it. I stood back aghast, choking. As soon as I could see, I opened my eyes wide. The barn was on fire!

"I didn't want to miss anything so I hurried into my clothes. There seemed so many more than usual!

"By the time I got into the yard, neighbors from near and far were hurrying past, carrying pails of water. I rushed out into the barnyard to get nearer to this spectacular light. It fascinated and enthralled me. I stood, glued to the hard earth—overcome with awe.

"When the newness wore off, I became frightened, but still I couldn't move. The crackling and the brightness of it were terrible. Our barn going up in those wicked, licking flames! The horses were screaming.

"One horse looked out of a low barn window at me. His eyes were blood red, smoke poured out of his nostrils; his teeth looked big and white against the blackness of the pouring smoke. He was screaming. Oh, an awful sound came forth from that giant cavern and protruding lip!

"My mama came up. 'Child,' she said, 'have you seen your father?' Her eyes were dry and bright. My senses reeled! I replied in the negative. Where was he?

"Just then, exhausted and trembling, but safe and alive, appeared papa! Everything seemed to happen at once. I was sent back to the house with a neighbor, and I soon fell asleep.

"Next morning all was quiet. The sun really shone again. I hadn't thought it ever would. I thought the world had come to an end. It was a dream! But wait, was it—? No, the lovely big barn had burned. There the remains of it lay—cold charred embers. It seemed as if a friend had died. The live stock had burned, all but a few horses which they had managed to save."

Grandmother became silent. We had lived that terrifying night over with her as we gazed into the crackling flames of the cozy fire. It was vivid! It was real! We trundled off to bed because we knew her story had ended. We left her gazing into the fire.

JOYCE DU GRANRUT
English VA

WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG

LIKE so many bright stars twinkling against the black velvet softness of the sky at night are the impressions of my early years etched on the dim vagueness of my memory at its youngest.

A multitude of soft-furred creatures grew from kittenhood to grown-up cathood under my rather rough training; and although I treated them more carelessly than was good for them, I adored them to the exclusion of all others. Even today, whenever I remember, I can almost feel the soft warmth of those kittens' fur against my cheek and hear the even satisfied purr which was the reward of my patient stroking.

During the same period when my unfailing devotion to kittens was begun, I developed a consuming love for pencils—long, slim, yellow ones with tan erasers. Some of my most well-remembered evenings were passed upon my grandfather's capacious obliging lap while I played with those same yellow pencils—forming, with solemn, intent face, indefinite markings whose meaning was locked in my baby mind.

A deep respect for flowers was born in those years when I, a small, blue-overall-clad figure, stood as tall as possible, and, stretching beside one of those brown-eyed yellow sunflowers, turned my face up to see the top or buried my freckled nose in a sweet fresh rose, delighting in its fragrance.

In our yard was a swing, and there day after day I swung as high as I could, with my hair flying in the wind, my dusty sandals high in the air, and my spirits soaring as high as the sandals. For it was here that I dreamed the impossible dreams which are the privilege of the very young and forgot all else in the wild, sweet freedom which comes from contact, no matter how remote, with the sky.

Odd and disconnected as these impressions seem, they are among my most cherished. The rest of my memories are uninteresting because they are the memories of a child grown older—clear, sensible memories, entirely lacking in the elusive charm which is a part of the vague uncertain.

HELEN McFARLAND
English IVA

INTROSPECTION *(Continued from page 9)*

is the theme of the organization. This has been called "a symbol and a challenge, an invisible reality." Yes, we can feel the Tech Spirit, and we see evidence of it in our daily life.

We seniors, as we regretfully yet eagerly turn our eyes to the future, see naught but progress for Tech under the leadership of one who has taken such an active part in the almost unbelievable growth of our school, who has such an outstanding personality, and who represents to the world the principles which are the basis of the Tech Spirit.

Looking toward the Tech of the future "where youth may build ambitions, where each one may find a vision of how best to make living worth while," we see a school which will continue to exemplify those fine ideals manifested in the character of our principal, Mr. Hanson H. Anderson.

WILLIAM A. ROBBINS

GOLF *(Continued from page 12)*

on May ninth before capturing a four-way meet between Tech, Warren Central, Newcastle, and Martinsville on May thirteenth, with a team score of 336 for Tech; and the N.C.C. invitational tournament at Marion, May fourteenth, with a team score of 340 strokes.

TRACK *(Continued from page 14)*

the Washington freshman thinlies. The second meet, against Manual, was the closest contest, the Redskins gathering 44¼ points to 55¾ for the Green and White. The next meet, against Southport, ended with Tech ahead, 81 to 36; while in the final dual meet with Warren Central, the Green squad scored 95 points to the Warriors' 22. The rhinies completed their season's card, winning the city freshman track and field meet for the seventh time with 71½ points.

FOREWORD *(Continued from page 4)*

just as much zeal and fortitude; just as much loyalty and deep concern; and with just as great a desire to perpetuate those principles laid down by Mr. Stuart, the founder of our school, and so ably developed by Mr. Morgan during his term of office. For all these blessings which we now enjoy we are truly grateful. May we all look forward with great anticipation to the realization that our school will always strive to be an ideal institution to serve boys and girls.

WE THANK YOU *(Continued from page 9)*

We express our sincere appreciation to those acting as judges in the literature contest: Miss Jane Strain, Mrs. Jeanne Eastland, Miss Florence Jones, short stories; Miss Helen Tichenor, Miss Margaret Burnside, Miss Vance Garner, essays; Miss Zila Robbins, Miss Gertrude Insley, Mrs. Eva H. Lycan, poetry.

We extend our appreciation to Miss Hazel Doyle, Mr. Harold Stewart, Mr. John Simpson, and Mr. Herbert Traub who acted as judges of the Candid Camera contest.

For the success of this contest, we thank all the cameramen who participated and whose pictures we have used. They are as follows: Marvin Lagenaur, who won first and second places, Robert McConnell, who won third and fifth places, Donald Stoner, who won fourth place, Don Bell, Harold Whitaker, James Borsh, Hugh Miller, Robert Reinhardt, and Warren Mills.

JUNE MARTINELLA

AMBITION

I'm not the kind to stay at home
And watch the years go by.
It is for me to go alone
By high trail, sea, or sky
To see what lies beyond that hill—
That hill and many more.
I wonder who, his dreams to fill,
Has thought the same before.

JAMES NEWTON
English VI

DAYS OF THE SABER

Oh, those were the days of my childhood joys,
Me and my gang of barefoot boys.
We sailed the seas in a rocking chair.
The tales we told would stiffen the hair.
We needed a ship to fight with Drake,
So for a mast we used a rake.
On the chair for a cabin stood
My sister's dollhouse made of wood.
Our bloody sabers we'd swing through the air.
If mother hid the catsup, our sabers were bare.
Oh, those were the days of my childhood joys!
We had good times, me and my barefoot boys.

CAMILL HABOUSH
English IVA

DEMON

Like a scorching tongue of flaming, liquid fire
The awful scourge swept on and ever on—
Never a moment pausing on its fiendish course
But gaining strength and stature as it went—
The demon Gossip thundered on.

ELIZABETH GORMAN
English VIIIC

MAURICE RAVEL

(Written on his death, December 28, 1937.)
We hear the call, O master of the song;
Our souls will dream of Daphne and Chloë,
In tranquil chants you come with purest joy
And lead our raptured heartfelt loves along.
Just as the passing bird, not long to stay
Or speak a warbled word, you soon forget
Our yearning, bleeding hearts. At heaven's request
You float above, for Orpheus now to play.
And yet your voice will linger in our scores
To whisper of divinity and charm,
Enchant retreating hearts, relieve our sores,
And some most ancient Grecian god take form.
We leave you word to treasure long, so hard
We love: there's not again so high a bard.

ALBERT SMITH

By the WATERS of ETERNITY

Oh lake, how mysteriously still you look tonight!
So deep, so dark, that even moonlight
Dares not find its way into your depths.
Your cold black waves on the beach now creep,
Shimmering and slipping o'er boundless deep.

The moon shines down; the beach is silver in its light,
But you are coldly dark and black as night.
Oh lake, why do you look so bleak tonight?
So deep, so dark that even moonlight
Is lost and gone from out my mortal sight?

Oh lake, I know why you are strangely weird tonight!
So deep, so dark that even moonlight
Fears to penetrate your inky sea.
I fear, have feared, and cannot see
The moonlight that reflects on thee.

JOHN THOMAS
English VA

THE GYPSY VIOLIN

Hark! A master draws the bow across the strings
With a touch so strong yet gentle as he brings
To the waiting world a song that ever sings
In the gypsy violin.

Hear! The story is repeated o'er and o'er
In the wildly sad refrain that seems to soar
To the azure blue sky, then returns once more
To the gypsy violin.

Haste! The master's hands move swiftly, as if to try
To race the rampant wind as it goes whistling by.
All the heart of nature is echoed in the cry
Of the gypsy violin.

Halt! The music ceases now, for comes the night.
A path down from the sky is seen, of silvery light.
The master pauses ere on it he makes his flight
With the gypsy violin.

Hush! A master draws the bow across the strings
For the last time; to the waiting world he brings
A song that in the hearts of men now sings
From the gypsy violin.

MARGARET BYRAM
English IA

IMAGINATION'S DOOR

Four walls and a high, old ceiling!
Four walls and a dull, bare floor!
But to me a walk of beauty
Through "Imagination's Door."

In the corner is a palace,
Filled with beauty far renowned;
And a river flows majestically
With a soft, soothing sound.

Across the room is Venice
With its gondolas gliding by;
And the gondolier singing gayly
To his lady so graciously shy.

There, seven hills rise royally
With dignity all their own,
And through them flow the Tiber
By the grand old city of Rome.

Four walls and a high, old ceiling,
Four walls and a dull, bare floor;
But to me a walk of beauty
Through "Imagination's Door."

WILMA GRABHORN
English VA

DAFFODIL

Dainty little daffodil
Hiding in the grass,
Eagerly awaiting
Winter time to pass.

Sticks its golden head up,
Takes a little peep,
Sees that all the other flowers
Are still fast asleep.

DOLLY ADKINS
English IVA

Rich Man; Poor Man

DOCTOR, LAWYER, MERCHANT, CHIEF—and there the nursery rhyme ends and there also ended the possibilities for a career in the days when the rhyme was written; but the story is quite a different one today. An author of this age, who attempted thus to summarize all vocational opportunities, would find himself embarked upon a lengthy dissertation, indeed, for the variety of opportunities that present themselves to the young people of today is limitless.

To you young men and women who are now setting about the business of living, we present the wide world of countless advantages and golden opportunities.

To you, World, we present these eleven hundred and fifty Tech graduates who have been trained to make the very most of all you have to offer them.

May the acquaintance be a benefit and a pleasure to you both.

BETTE SMITH

The TECH LEGION

The Tech Legion, an honorary organization, has been established in order to recognize seniors who are outstanding in the attributes of citizenship and qualities of personal worth.

The emblem of the Tech Legion is a bar pin in green and white enamel—a white center with a square of green at each end. The commander, the senior with the greatest number of citations, has three gold stars on his pin; the lieutenant-commander, who ranks second in number of citations, has two stars; and the six captains, those standing highest in their respective roll rooms, have one star.

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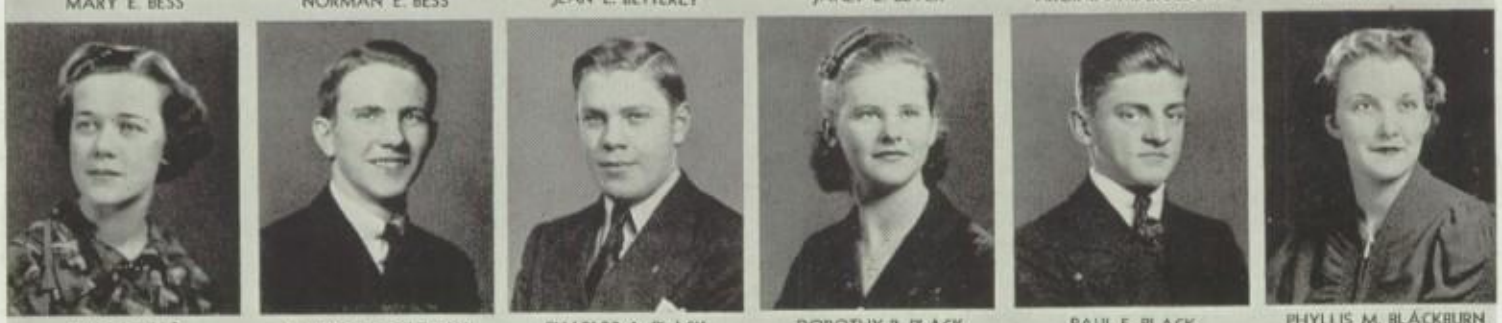

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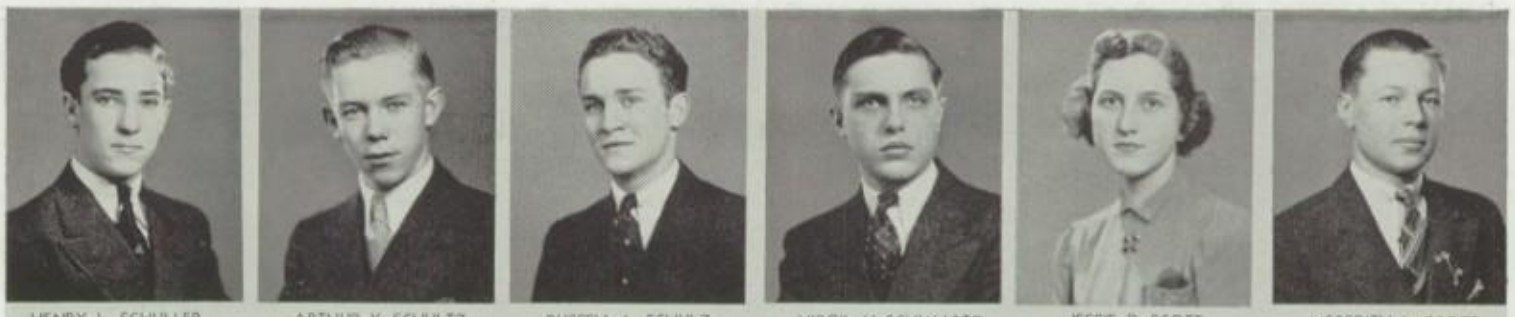

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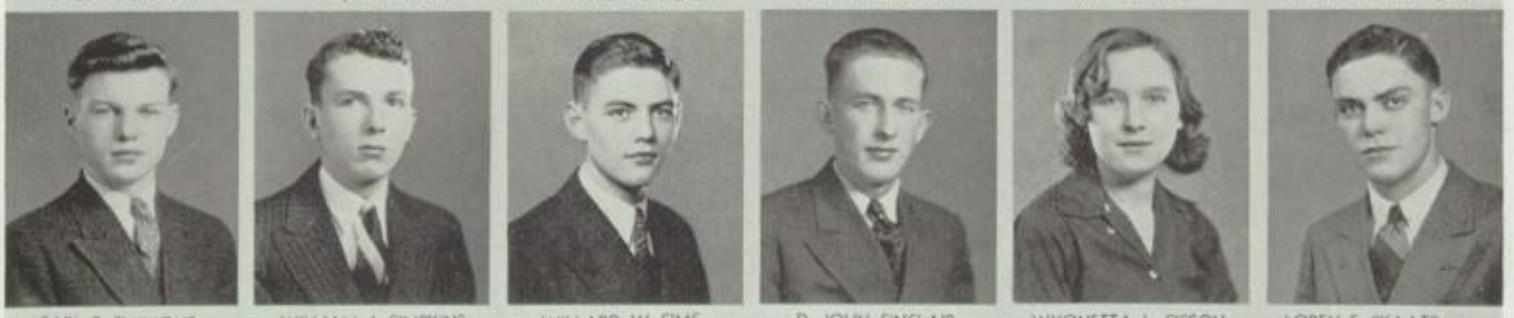

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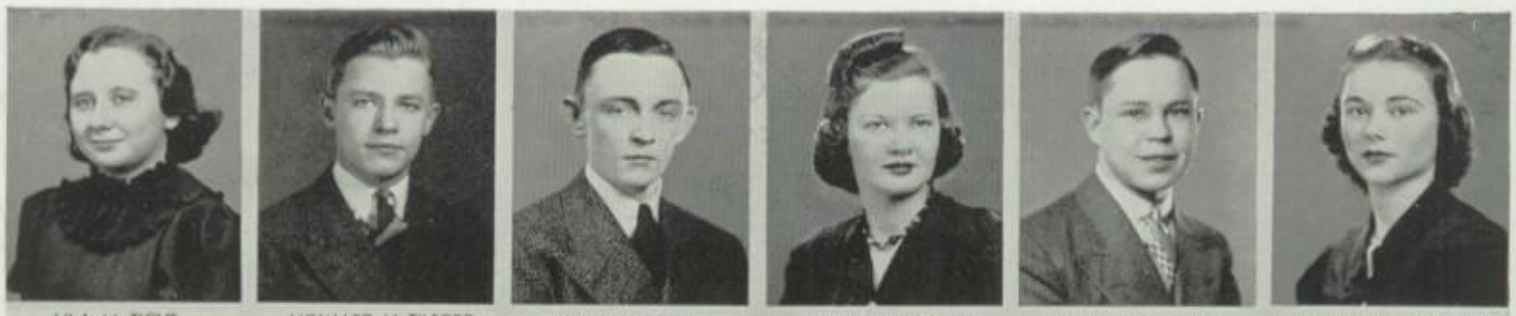

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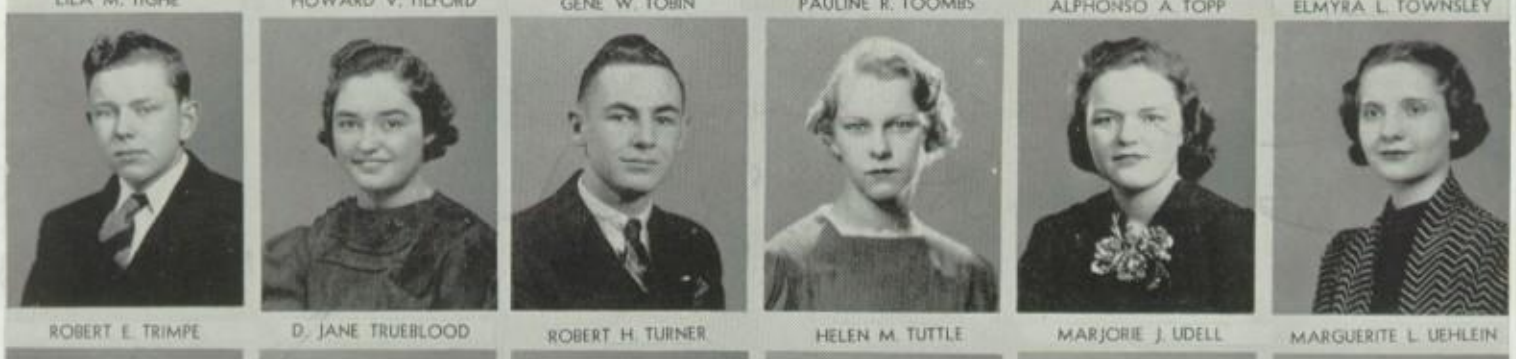
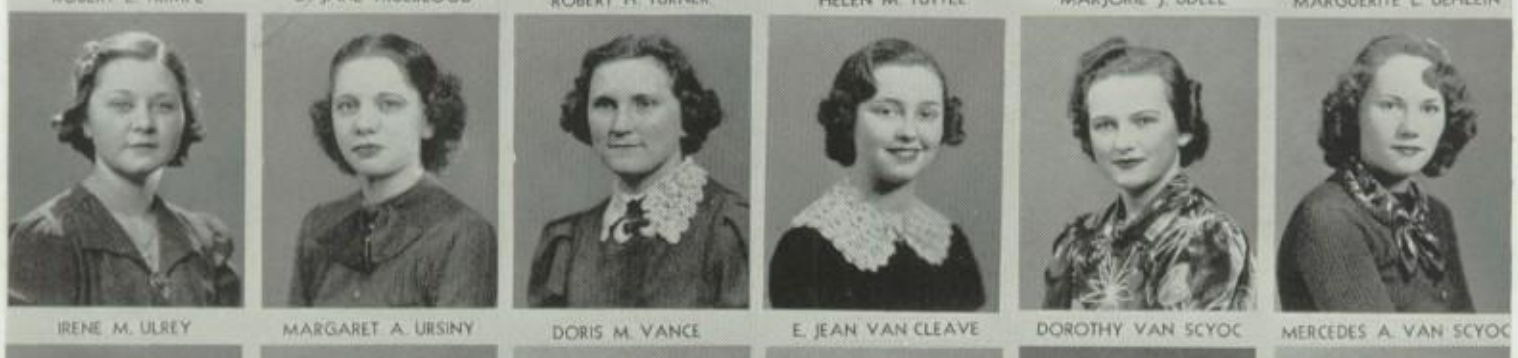


ROBERT E. TRIMPE | D. JANE TRUEBLOOD | ROBERT H. TURNER | HELEN M. TUTTLE | MARJORIE J. UDELL | MARGUERITE L. UEHLEIN



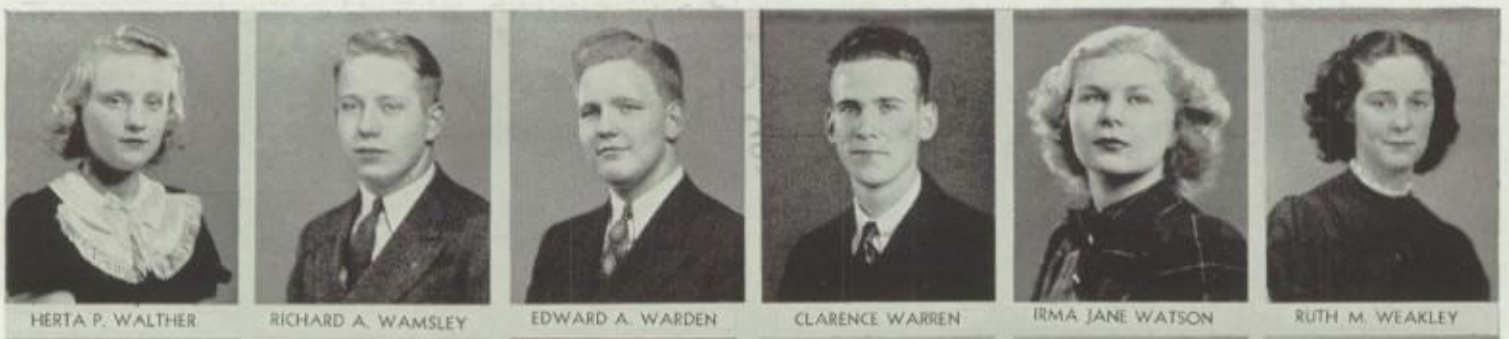
IRENE M. ULREY | MARGARET A. URSINY | DORIS M. VANCE | E. JEAN VAN CLEAVE | DOROTHY VAN SCYOC | MERCEDES A. VAN SCYOC

VIVIAN L. VERDI | MARGUERITE E. VERNON | KENNETH E. VICE | MAXINE E. VICE | MAYBELLE L. VIDEBECK | M. RUTH VINSON

JOHN W. VOGEL | MARY JANE VOGELSANG | MARY LOUISE VOLLMER | FRANCIS P. VOLLRATH | E. LOUISE VOLLRATH | RICHARD O. VOLLRATH

ROBERT G. VON STADEN | MERRILL C. VOORHIS | EARL M. WACHSTETTER | MARGARET WAGNER | FLORENCE S. WAKELAND | ABRAHAM A. WAKIN

HARRY A. WALDEN | PAULINE E. WALDKOETTER | DOROTHY E. WALDON | DORIS M. WALLIS | ROBERT F. WALSH | ROBERT C. WALSMAN



HERTA P. WALTHER | RICHARD A. WAMSLEY | EDWARD A. WARDEN | CLARENCE WARREN | IRMA JANE WATSON | RUTH M. WEAKLEY

JAMES W. WEAVER | CLARENCE W. WEBB | DORIS B. WEBB | DOROTHY M. WEBB | OLIVER D. WEBB | EUGENE T. WEBER

LA VERNE R. WEBER | JOEL G. WEIR | VIRGINIA M. WEISS | BARNARD A. WELCH | JACK B. WELCHONS | RUSSELL K. WELLER

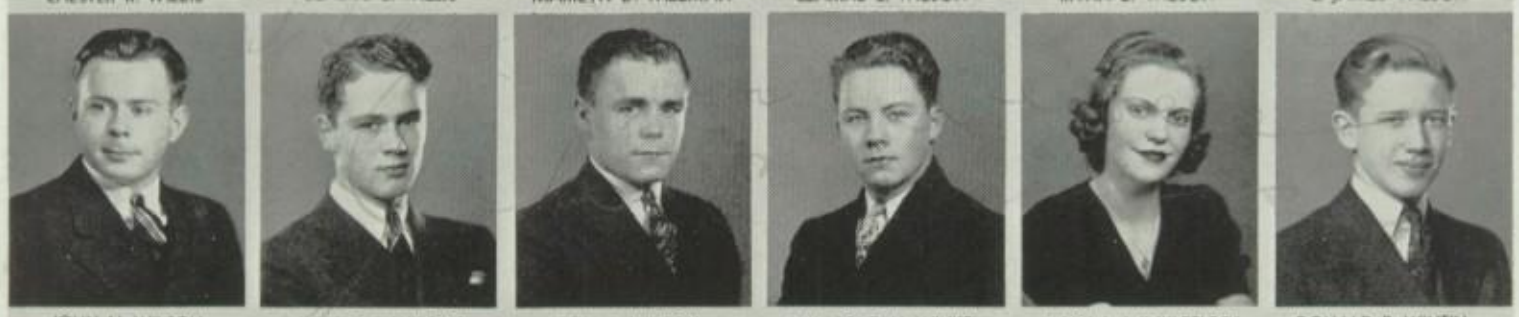
JOHN E. WELLS | JOHN L. WELSH | ROBERT E. WERNER | EARL I. WEST | MARGARET E. WEST | MARGARET E. WESTERMAN

JAMES A. WETZEL | DORIS L. WHEASLER | HAROLD W. J. WHITAKER | ROBERT WHITE | SHIRLEY N. WHITE | W. BRUCE WHITE

MARY LOUISE WHITESIDE | JUANITA M. WILCOX | ROBERT E. WILDMAN | GENEVA J. WILKINS | ELENORA L. WILKINSON | GEORGE W. WILLEFORD

BETTY JANE WILLIAMS | DORIS B. WILLIAMS | HAMILTON P. WILLIAMS | L. KATHLEEN WILLIAMS | M. KATHRYN WILLIAMS | VADA L. WILLIAMS

CHESTER R. WILLIS | GLADYS E. WILLIS | MARILYN D. WILLMAN | CLARINE L. WILSON | IRWIN E. WILSON | C. JAMES WILSON

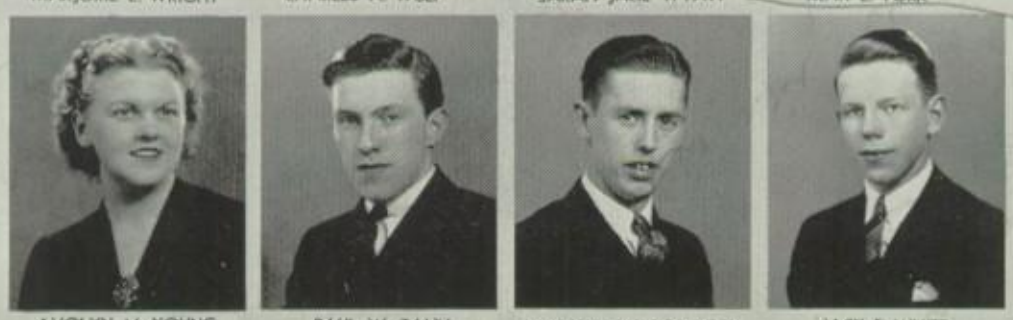


JOHN H. WILSON | ROBERT C. WILSON | TOM R. WILSON | RAYMOND H. WINKEL | MARY L. WINKLEPLECK | DONALD R. WINTIN

CHARLES E. WISEMAN | JOHN E. WITHNER | ANNE F. WOERDEMAN | RALPH E. WOERNER | WALTER W. WOERNER | MARGIE F. WOESSNER

HELEN R. WOLFRED | BEATRICE L. WOOD | GYTHEL L. WOOD | FRANCES E. WORKMAN | JAMES O. WRAY | BETTY JANE WRIGHT

LLOYD S. WRIGHT | MARJORIE E. WRIGHT | CHARLES A. WULF | SARAH JANE WYATT | MAX E. YORK | RALPH J. YOUNCE



AVOLYN M. YOUNG | PAUL W. ZAHN | FRANKLIN W. ZORNIGER | JACK F. WHITE

Senior

THE PRINCE WHO WAS A PIPER

BIG HEARTED HERBERT

PEASANT CHORUS---Prince Who Was A Piper

MR. STEWART, MISS RYAN, MR. TRAUB

WAPPIN' WHARF

THREE PILLS IN A BOTTLE

Plays

With Best Wishes

Jean Overiades
Virginia Jordan
Ruth Diss
Sprague
Leonard
Jeanne Bridges
Bob Copper
Dorothy Lindner
John E Thomas
Geraldine Pugh
Irene Boothman
Jack C. Findahl
Marjorie Hankle
Jean Olive Thomas
Jeanne E Base
Kathryn Weaver
Mary Jane Smith
"Good Luck" '39
Jennie Burkett
Barbara Dearing
VII C
Betty Jane Ward
Mary L. Keaun
Margaret Mahler
Blossom Pegischer
'39
Charlotte Putnam
Robert Loomis
Betty Jane Barnhill
Rollin O'Connell

Mary Joseph

Bobby Mueller